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Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

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DR. R. S. RICE.

Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont and adjacent country.

Office, as formerly, on Frontstreet, opposite Deal's new building.

Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

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FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853.

NUMBER 35.

Poetry.**A LAMENT.**

T. K. HERVEY, is one of the most graceful of living English poets. His works, which are not numerous, without any pretensions to power or sublimity, are almost always beautiful, and cannot fail to please readers of refined taste.

She sleeps that still and pleasant sleep,
For which the weary pant in vain,
And, where the dews of evening weep,
I may not weep again.

O never more upon her grave
Shall I behold the wild flowers wave!

They laid her where the sun and moon
Looked on her tomb with loving eyes;
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it like a sigh.

And the wild river's wailing song
Grew dirge-like as it stole along.

And I have dreamt, in many dreams,
Of her who was a dream to me;
And talked of her, by summer streams,
In crowds, and on the sea.

'Tis years ago!—and other eyes
Have hung their beauty o'er my youth;
And I have hung on other sighs,
And sounds that seemed the truth:

And loved the music which they gave,
Like that which perished in the grave
And I have left the cold and dead,
To mingle with the living cold.

There is a weight upon my head,
My heart is growing old;
O! for a refuge and a home
With thee, dear Ellen, in thy tomb.

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
My spirit fades before its time;
But they are all thine own, again,
Lost partner of their prime!

And thou art dearer in thy shroud
Than all the false and selfish crowd!
Else gentle vision of the hours
Which go like birds that come not back!

And fling thy pale and funeral flowers
On Memory's wasted track!
O! for the wings that made thee bleed,
Wee away and be at rest.

Beauty.

Who can resist the softly steadfast gaze
Of Beauty, and her smile angelic smile,
Which draws the soul from the world that plays
Too near the sweetest of that perfect guile?

Who can experience the love which begets
A warm regard for the soul's retreat;
But he whose heart is set in love
Will judge more harshly, till he read the plea.

Miscellaneous.

He who is always in a hurry to be wealthy
and immersed in the study of augmenting his
fortune; has lost the arms of reason and
deserted the post of virtue.—*Horace.*

Where necessity ends, desire and curiosity
begin; and no sooner are we supplied with
everything nature can demand, than we sit
down to contrive artificial appetites.—*Johnson.*

To think well of every other man's condition,
and to dislike your own, is one of the
misfortunes of human nature. "Pleased
with each others lot our own we hate."—*Burton.*

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares,
a help either to forget or overcome them;
but to resort to intoxication for the ease of
one's mind, is to cure melancholy by madness.
—*Charron.*

While I am ready to adopt any well grounded
opinion, my inmost heart revolts against
receiving the judgments of others respecting
persons, and whenever I have done so, I have
bitterly repented of it.—*Nietzsch.*

The roses of pleasure seldom last long
enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks
them, and they are the only roses which do
not retain their sweetness after they have lost
their beauty.—*Blair.*

True joy is a serene and sober motion; and
they are miserably lost, that take laughing
for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and
there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of
a brave mind that has fortune under its feet.
—*Seneca.*

The greatest parts without discretion, as
observed by an elegant writer, may be fatal
to their owner; as a polythema, deprived of
his eyes, was only the more exposed, on account
of his enormous strength and stature.
—*Addison.*

If it be the characteristic of a worldly man
that he deprecates what is holy, it should be
of the Christian to consecrate what is secular,
and to recognize a present and a presiding
Divinity in all things.—*Chalmers.*

It is deceiving one's self to believe that it
is only violent passions, like those of love and
ambition, which are able to triumph over
reason. Slothfulness, languishing as it is, permits
none to be its mistress; it usurps all the
designs and all the actions of life; it destroys
and consumes insensibly the passions and the
virtues.—*Rockefoucauld.*

The goodness of God to mankind is no less
evinced by the easiness with which he
corrects his children, than in the smiles of his
providence, for the Lord will not cast off forever,
but though he cause grief, yet he will have
compassion according to the multitude of
his mercies.—*Hosea Ballou.*

OUR DEBT TO SOCIETY.—It is a part of every
man's duty to give the weight of his influence
to the correction of every evil which infests
society. It is a debt. Not to pay it is dishonesty.
—*Rev. H. W. Beecher.*

GORTON OF THE ENGLISH.—Is it their
derivation, or natural education—who can tell?
But it is a fact that the English appear to
have the advantage of many other nations.

* Whatever they are, they are always "complete"
men. Sometimes they are "complete"
fools, I grant you; but even their folly is a
folly of some substance and weight.—*Goth's
Table Talk.*

The aggregate valuation of the real
and personal property in Michigan, as fixed
by the State Board of Equalization, is \$120,
302,474—nearly four times as much as in
1851.

Gone Astray.

Cold words to fall on a loving heart—he
has gone astray. And is this the time to
desert him? This is the time to taunt him
with words that roll like lava from your passions,
and only sear his soul? No! he passes under
clouds; be his light now—perhaps he has no
other.

Many a true heart that would have come
back like the dove to the ark, after its first
transgression, has been frightened beyond recall
by the angry look and menace—the taunt
the savage clarity of an unforgiving soul. Be
careful how you freeze the first warm emotions
of repentance. Beware, lest those pleading
words, unheeded now, sting you in some
shadowy valley of your future sorrow. Repen-

tance changed by neglect or unkindness,
becomes like melted iron hardened in the
mould. To the man who has thus sinned, the
words that roll like lava from your passions,
and only sear his soul? No! he passes under
clouds; be his light now—perhaps he has no
other.

Let your heart be the grave for his
transgressions, your pity find vent in bearing
his burden, not in useless words. O! forgive
the erring. Did not He who died on Calvary?
Shield him from the contempt of grosser
minds—make brightness and beauty, where
all was cloud and storm before in his sad
life.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—An incident of the
most affecting and heart-rending character
occurred at the inquest of the desolate and ill-
starred stranger, Mary Cotter, who died of
yellow fever, as one of the gentlemen of the
jury informed us, from sheer and absolute
neglect! There was the corpse of the mother
pale and attenuated, but still beautiful in death
—a child but three months old, was evident-
ly seeking for her "milk-teat"; the poor
father lay dying at the foot of the corpse—
and yet that smile which is known but to in-
fancy and angels, was beaming on the baby's
face! Suddenly it turned, and with all the
earnestness of mature years, fixed a long and
steady gaze on a gentleman named Tyrrel.
Mr. Tyrrel was deeply affected; he took up
the infant and pressed it to his heart, and, with
the consent of the dying father, had adopted
the child as his own. May he who reads the
races of the valley, and who has said, "I'll
attend children to come into my house," and
reward him for this charitable deed!—*N. O.
Courier, Sept. 1.*

No man has said more wise and witty
things than the Reverend reviewer and essay-
ist, Sidney Smith. Here is one of his teach-
ings on Moral Courage:

"Learn from the earliest days to inure your
principles against the peril of ridicule; you
can no more exercise your reason if you live
in the constant fear of laughter, than you can
enjoy life if you are in the constant fear of
death. If you think it right to differ from
the times, and to make a point of morals, do
it, however rustic however antiquated, however
pedantic, it may appear; do it not for insolence,
but seriously and grandly—as a man who
wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and
did not wait till it was breathed into him by
the breath of fashion."

GOOD NATURE.—Sulky females generally
die old maids. If a girl, therefore, wishes to
taste the sweets which spring from love and
corduroy, let her go in training for good
nature, and become municipal with gladness, like
June crowded with bobolinks.

Mr. Tappan, of the University of Mich-
igan, is now traveling in Europe, from whence
he writes letters descriptive of the scene and
men he meets. He thus notices his visit to
Alexander Humboldt:

With respect to the men, none affected me
more, or could affect me more than the world-
renowned sage, Alexander Humboldt, who
kindly invited me to a private interview. He
has spent his fortune and his life in the cause
of science.—Time which has laid upon him
the weight of more than four score years, seem
not to have diminished the vigor of his mind,
or to have cooled the ardor of his devotion to
knowledge and truth. He has survived the
possibility of human weakness, while he re-
tains the freshness of all his great accomplish-
ments. He now may be looked at as an un-
impeachable example.—And what does his
example teach us? Is it not that gifts of
fortune and position are but secondary to the
gifts of mind and the acquisition of knowledge;
that to live for the true and the good—to live
for humanity—is the highest wisdom and dig-
nity, and the only certain earthly immortality?
Be inspired by such an example, and
forget not the claims which your country and
mankind have upon your best services.

WHY MR. BUCHANAN NEVER MARRIED.—A
correspondent of the New Haven Palladium,
writing from Lancaster Penn., briefly records
the reason:

"A short distance from the city is the country
residence of Hon. James Buchanan, Ameri-
can ambassador to the court of St. James.
His general appearance indicates that no fair
hand is there to train the creeping vines or
budding roses to their befitting places—as you
are aware that the honorable gentleman re-
mains in single blessedness! The story is
briefly told. Paying his addresses to a young
and beautiful lady of this city, each became
deeply enamored, and were engaged. On a
given evening, she requested his company to
a party at a friend's which he declined on the
plea of business engagements. Circum-
stances requiring it necessary, he, late in the
evening, gallanted a young lady to her home,
and on the way—they met. Mortified and
chagrined at what she deemed unfaithful-
ness and desertion, and imagining the worst
she left the city early in the morning and
returned a corpse. Such is the sad story of
his early love, nor can the places of distinction
and trust make him forget, nor the wreaths
of honor that encircle his brows, bury the
memory of the early loved and lost.

The telegraph reports further seizures
of American vessels on the fishing grounds.
Seven vessels are reported seized.

A Man Restored to life after Burial for Ten Months.

The subjoined extract is translated from
the Paris Journal of Magnetism, which quotes
as its authority a very remarkable book, pub-
lished by Mr. Osborne, an English officer, on
his return from the Court of Rouen, in India.
We must also add, that General Ventura,
who was one of the witnesses in the extraor-
dinary transaction, testified to the correct-
ness of the statement, when he subsequently
visited Paris. Mr. Osborne says:

"On the 6th of June, 1833, the monu-
ment of our life in camp was agreeably inter-
rupted by the arrival of an individual who had
acquired great celebrity in the Pandjab. The
natives regarded him with great veneration,
on account of the facility he possessed in re-
maining under ground as long as he pleased,
and then reviving again. Such extraordinary
facts were stated in the country concerning
this man, and so many respectable persons
testified to their authenticity, that we were
extremely desirous of seeing him; for instance,
Capt. Wade, of Lodhiana, informed us that
he had himself been present at the resurrec-
tion of this Fakir, in the presence of General
Ventura, the Rajah, and several men of dis-
tinction among the natives, and that after his
interment had lasted several months."

The following are the details which were
given by him of the interment, and those that
he added on his own authority of the examina-
tion:

"At the end of some preparations which
had lasted several days, and which would be
too tedious to enumerate, the Fakir declared
himself ready for the experiment; the wit-
nesses met around a tomb of mason work,
constructed expressly to receive him. Before
their eyes the Fakir closed with wax (with
the exception of his mouth) the apertures
of his body through which air might be
admitted; then he stripped off all his clothing,
he was then enclosed in a linen bag, and by
direction his tongue was turned back, so as
to enclose the entrance of his throat. Im-
mediately after this operation the Fakir fell
into a lethargic state. The bag which con-
tained him was then closed and sealed by the
Rajah. This sack was then placed in a
wooden box which was locked with a pad-
lock, and sealed. The box was lowered in
the tomb, and when it was thrown a great
quantity of earth, which was trampled down
and then soiled with barley; finally sentinels
were set to watch it day and night. With-
standing all these precautions, the Rajah was
still suspicious; he came twice during two
months to see that the Fakir remained bur-
ied, and caused the tomb to be examined; he
found the Fakir precisely as he had left him,
and perfectly cold and inanimate."

Ten months having expired, they proceeded
to the final examination. Gen. Ventura
and Capt. Wade saw the padlock opened, the
seals broken, and the chest raised from the
tomb. The Fakir was removed; there was
no indication of the heart or pulse. In the
top of his head there remained some slight
sensations of heat. After first placing the
tongue in a natural position, and then pouring
warm water over his body, he began to evince
some signs of life. After two hours he was
quite restored and walked about. This won-
derful man is about thirty years of age, his
figure is unpleasant, and his countenance has
a cunning expression.

He says that he had delicious dreams dur-
ing his interment, and that restoration was
very painful to him."

Joaquin's Head in San Francisco.

Messrs. Black and Nuttall, of Harry Love's
Rangers, arrived in San Francisco from Stock-
ton recently bringing with them the head of
this renowned bandit, whose countless deeds
of blood have earned for him a name unequalled
in the history of crime. The astonishing ce-
lebrity of his movements, and the number of
his confederates, spreading murder and rapine
over a vast extent of territory, have given rise
to so many reports of his presence, at the same
time, in different parts of the country, some-
times far distant from each other, that some
persons have come to regard him as a crea-
ture of imagination—a myth—to whom the
evil deeds of many real malefactors have been
erroneously attributed. Even since his cap-
ture, rumors have come of his being in the
western counties of this State, carrying on
his usual system of wholesale butchery and
robbery. But Messrs. Black and Nuttall bring
with them affidavits and certificates from
persons who knew him well, which leave no doubt
of the identity of the horrid evidence of his
death. As soon as a suitable place for the
purpose can be procured, the head and the
proof of its identity will be exhibited to the
public, in order that all may see and judge for
themselves. The present object of the Ran-
gers is to obtain the rewards which have been
offered all over the country for the capture or
death of this dreaded villain, and which they
have so well earned by the hardships and dan-
gers they have undergone in pursuing him in-
to his mountain fastness, in the midst of his
desperate gang, and the gallantry they dis-
played in the conflict in which he expired.
The particulars of his pursuit and capture have
already been published throughout the country
and are doubtless familiar to all. The head
itself is in a complete state of preservation
and bears the impress of his character in every
feature and lineament. It is that of a
man about the middle size, apparently be-
tween twenty and twenty-five years of age.
The forehead is high and well developed, the
cheek bones elevated and prominent, and the
mouth indicative at once of sensuality, cruelty
and firmness. The hair—of a beautiful light
brown with a golden tint—is long and flowing
the nose high and straight, and the eyebrows
which meet in the middle, dark and heavy.
The eyes, now closed in death, are said to
have been dark blue, with a keen restless
glance, and, when excited, a glare of ferocity
like that of an infuriated tiger. The face
takes off to the chin—upon which, and on the
upper lip, there is a thin beard like that of a
young man who had never shaved. Under
his right eye there is a small scar—the mark
of some desperate conflict. The death of this
monster is an occasion for general
rejoicing, and all honor is due to the
valiant fellows who have rid the State of so ter-
rible a scourge.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Doings at Syracuse.

The expected fight at Syracuse is a failure.
The Adamantines have fairly run away.
Ignoring the Petties altogether, they organ-
ized their Convention, mildly praised the
President, denounced the Cabinet, cursed all
traitors to the party, complimented Dickinson
in a resolution, nominated a full ticket, ap-
pointed their Committee, and adjourned sine die
—in other words fled the field before the
Softs had fairly marshaled their forces. So
there is no fight—but then there is no harmo-
ny. Here is the Adamantine ticket. It is a
pretty tough article for softs:

Secretary of State G. W. CLINTON of Erie.
Attorney General J. T. BRADY, of N. Y.
State Engineer J. E. FAY, of Monroe.
State Treasurer W. C. WATSON, of Essex
Controller JOHN E. COOLEY, of
Richmond.

Canal Commissioner, JOHN C. MATHER of
Rensselaer.
State Prison Inspector, M. W. BENNETT, of
Onondaga.

Judge of appeals, CHARLES H. ROGERS, of
Dutchess.

Judge for short term, H. M. DENNIS.*
Clerk of Appeals, F. S. BROWN, of Oswego.
* Query—Judge HIRSH DEXTER, of Oneida.

The Softs proceeded more deliberately.
After separating, they made a temporary or-
ganization, and sent a Committee with a polite
invitation to their Hard brethren to take seats
upon the platform. The Chairman of the
Hards returned an unceremonious answer, say-
ing he would not go where his life was in
danger from rowdies.—Here was a certain
termination of all concord; the hards went on
with their work as if no Softs existed; and the
Softs joked away the rest of the afternoon,
waiting for the turning of the cards. A mo-
tion to organize regularly was left open all day
for the return of the Hards, and finally all
night for secret caucussing. To-day they
propose to put up a regular Cass and Butler
ticket, gulp down the Baltimore platform,
Slave Law and all, endorse the National and
State Administrations, and separate in good
humor, under the benignant smile of Prince
John.

Our friends have served up their Union
and Harmony on separate plates this time;
but which is the Union and which the Har-
mony, it is difficult at this distance to deter-
mine. It looks as though the Softs had the
inside track, but we are not sure.

The Hards made their grand mistake in
1849, when, instead of the councils of Marcy
and Seymour, they agreed to a fusion on the
basis of an equivocation. Had they then taken
as high ground as now, they would have had
everything their own way long ere this.
Now they will have to fight for all they get,
with the Federal aid State patronage brought
to bear powerfully against them. However,
this is a free country.—*EXPT. N. Tribune.*

A Startling Contrast.

The United States army numbers about
100,000 men, and they cost the country last
year \$8,225,246 for pay, subsistence, clothing,
&c. That is to say, \$820 per man, or if we
deduct the militia expenses \$80 per man. It
would puzzle any one to tell of what service
were those men, living uselessly in barracks
and old forts, eating three meals per day, and
turning out occasionally to touch their caps to
their officers.

The Illinois Central Railroad army number
ten thousand men also, and they receive
from the company \$3,700,000 per annum, in
return for which they labor twelve hours per
day upon a work which gradually stretches
itself through the most fertile plains, connect-
ing the great lakes with the Ohio and Missis-
sippi rivers, and ultimately the Gulf of Mexico.

The relative advantages of these two armies
to society, present an interesting matter for
study, and are graphically sketched by the
New York Post. The prospective building
of the great Central Railroad of Illinois alone,
has added to the wealth of this State, in the
appropriation of wild lands, the sum of forty
million within a strip of but twelve miles in
width, and the actual construction of the
road will bring to a ready market millions of
acres of land now owned by the general gov-
ernment, which were the road not construct-
ed, would lay waste for years to come. The
federal government employs ten thousand men
at an expense of eight millions of dollars,
to carry muskets. The Central Railroad
Company, employing ten thousand men at less
than four millions, confers a vast property up-
on the federal government, upon thousands
of farmers. Year after year the government
spends its millions of dollars, effecting nothing,
producing nothing, and resulting in nothing
but the turning loose of superannuated
soldiers, made paupers by a life of idleness, to
prey upon the industrious during the remainder
of their existence.

The Illinois Company by three years ex-
penditure, establishes seven hundred miles
of iron rails through prolific farms, many of
them owned by the persons whom they em-